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Autumnal Thoughts.

BY S. S. OF RALEIGH, N. C.

The music of the yellow leaf,
Which rustles as it falls,
Is softly sweet, although some grief
Its minstrelsy recalls!

It makes me think of boyhood's days,
How happy, how serene,
When youth's sweet memory sweetly pays
Its homage and its tears!

In Autumn my dear mother died,
Ere I two years had known
That yellow leaves their requiem sighed,
And o'er her grave were strown!

And when I hear them rustling still,
As doubtless they did then,
My heart is full of saddest will,
And tears their silence break.

Rememberance of my mother's smile,
The light of childhood's hours,
Lingers only for awhile,
Then faded like sweet flowers!

My mother's kind and gentle voice!
Sweet voice of childhood's joy,
Did only for a time repose,
Her voice was sweet and low.

But God, who - "tempers" the cold wind,
"To the storm" and "flood" hath,
A friend indeed to me has been -
Comforting, as I am.

He gave me a Grandmother, dear!
Loved to her memory still!
Who watched over me from year to year,
And a mother's place did fill.

O'er twenty years have passed away,
Since this dear mother died,
And still her humble charge to-day
Is floating on life's tide!

And she also will soon have known
Ere long, Autumnal day,
Her summer months will soon have flown -
Her Spring has passed away!

But joy likewise, for him who grieves
In bygone days, are found!
With Autumn's "saw and yellow" leaves,
Sweet memories abound!

When weeping Autumn tear-drops shed,
Long, long! oh! long ago!
Because her beauty all had fled,
I did no more know!

When I with friends, who now are dead,
On pleasure rounds did go,
How sweetly the wee hours fled,
While rambling to and fro!

With these dear friends, the living day,
"North Atlantic" crimson bowers,
I passed the merry time in play,
Or called the falling flowers!

Away, sad thoughts! dull spirits, cheer!
Sweet pleasures I have found,
In every season of the year -
Why in my soul am I down?

My Correspondence, and How it Resulted.

BY INA CLAYTON.

Our Irish Ellen was naturally a bright girl, and like the generality of her country folk, quick for a turn; but she had never learned to write; nor to read, nor spell, except words of one syllable, and it happened very unfortunate for her, as she had friends in Ireland, a mother especially from whom she wished to hear. As soon as I learned the wants of her case, I offered to write all the letters she might care to send. When she lived in Ireland, she spent most of her time in a gentleman's family, on whose estate her mother and brothers lived. The family was extremely wealthy, and lived in the greatest style and luxury imaginable. I will not attempt to describe the extravagances into which they plunged, as related by Ellen, but the gentlemanly American might not credit the statement. But to return to Ellen. The first letter I wrote for her she requested me to state that she "was well, thank God, and hoped those lines would be after finding all the same way." I wrote it to suit Irish taste as far as I could, and the answer came in due time, and was laid before me for perusal. It was written intelligibly although in an old-fashioned style, about as my grandfather used to write. The writer informed us that it was young Master Henry who penned the missive. A fine time for a little romance, thought I, if Master Henry and I have got all the writing to do; so in the next epistle I gave my name and address. By return of mail a letter came directly from Master Henry to my humble self. Ellen nor her mother were not concerned in the matter at all, indeed their names were not even

mentioned. He wrote me a polite note and solicited a correspondence with me. I replied without delay and assured him it would be pleasing to me, and I was happy to comply with his suggestion.

We wrote frequently, not waiting for return from former letters, and our correspondence at length became a matter of great interest to us both. One year from the commencement of our correspondence he came to America.

I never shall forget how queerly I felt when Ellen came to my room with her eyes turned from their sockets, and her great vulgar arms raised in amazement as she announced to me the news of Master Henry's arrival. I had not thought he would come quite so soon, and I was thrown into ejaculations of surprise and confusion.

"What will he think of me?" thought I, "a little unsophisticated school girl!" but I made my toilet with Ellen's assistance and started for the parlor; as I entered the room, he arose, and after frightening me nearly out of my senses with his lordly airs, he assured me he was sorry he came to America.

"There is nothing here to engage my attention," he said, "and really I am disgusted, people live so plainly."

"Ah," I said, by way of relief, for truly I felt very uncomfortable, and wished from my heart the concealed old countryman would leave. But with Irish perseverance he continued his disagreeable comments and conversation for a number of hours, when we were called to tea; how plainly everything must have appeared to him then for a society, since at home a suite of servants were in attendance, and the plate must have contrasted so strangely with ours, but he ate with a hearty relish and took his leave. Nothing was said about love or marriage, although in his letters he had so often hinted that it would be so delightful to take me home with him across the big waters. I did not ask him to call upon me again since I was too much rejoiced to have him leave me at the end of his first call. Truly only at a dim distance is there any such thing as romance.

Snatches from Biography.

NUMBER I.
CHATTERTON.

Thomas Chatterton, "the wonderful boy," and the subject of this snatch, was the son of a school teacher of Bristol, and was born on the 20th of November, 1752. Whether he was subjected to any such unfortunate preliminaries, ere his debut into this mundane sphere, as were underwent, most unwillingly and without the power to resist, by Tristram Shandy, Gent, biography does not say. Unfortunately, his father died three months before his birth; and the care of his support and education necessarily devolved upon his mother. When he had arrived at the age of eight, he was placed at a charity school, in the place of his birth; while there, he displayed a great desire for reading, and a great passion for books. And, before reaching the age of twelve, had perused many works—mainly works on history and divinity; also composed some verses, which were wonderful for his years, and foreshadowed the genius he partially displayed in a few years after. At the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a scrivener of his native city; it was while a resident with this scrivener, that he stored his mind with a knowledge of English antiquities, and obsolete language, which enabled him, in after years, to palm upon the world his wonderful and curious fabrication, the Rowleian poetry. In the year 1768, on the opening of the new bridge at Bristol, he first attracted public attention. There appeared, during that year, in a Bristol Magazine, what purported to be a transcript of an ancient manuscript, entitled, "A Description of the Fryers first passing over the Old Bridge," taken from an Ancient manuscript. This was finally traced to Thomas Chatterton, who, when interrogated concerning the manuscript, stated that he had received it from his father; who had found them in an iron chest, in Redcliff church, near Bristol; and that these manuscripts had been written by one, Thomas Rowley, a catholic priest of the fifteenth century. This statement deceived many persons of some literary attainment, in, and about Bristol. Chatter-

ton being encouraged, thus far, by the successful deception, resolved to send specimens of the Rowleian poetry to Horace Walpole in London; which he did. But Walpole, having shown the specimens to some of his literary friends of the metropolis, they pronounced them forgeries. Whereupon Walpole, very coolly, wrote back to Chatterton, and advised him to stick to his employment. Chatterton, in the interim, had sent many communications relating to English Antiquities to periodicals; becoming tired of his occupation as apprentice to a scrivener, procured his release, and proceeded to London; and arrived there in April 1770, being then in his seventeenth year. He seemed, upon his first arrival in London, to have been very successful in receiving several important literary engagements from book-sellers—he wrote home to his mother in high hopes. But very suddenly, from some inexplicable cause, all hope of honor and wealth seem to have vanished. His situation became distressing and having no means of sustaining himself, and being in complete despair; he took poison and destroyed himself in his eighteenth year. What could have been the inducements held out to Chatterton to cause him to gull the public with his Rowleian productions, will ever remain a mystery, most inexplicable. McIlhenny, the author of Ossian, made an attempt exactly similar and with as much success in gulling the public, as did Chatterton. "Resignation" so pathetically described by Chatterton, in one of his poetic effusions, when the dark hour of adversity came seems to have given way to despair. We cannot close this slight snatch, without giving that "Resignation," which he so beautifully described, and so illy practiced.

RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice pleads.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O, teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
So still my sorrow, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this hour's night but thou,
Enriching, wrought a boundless way,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still—
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vital's feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirits steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

Lamartine on America.

An unassuming American author, not at all vain of authorship, writes from Paris to the *Hunt Journal* an account of a visit he paid to Lamartine, in the conclusion of which the poet-statesman's opinion of America and Americans is given as follows:

"Would you not like to go to America and write a book of travels? It would bring you a fortune," I said, wishing to turn the subject.

"Go to America!" he replied, looking at me with astonishment. "No, I will never set my foot on American ground. The Americans know nothing but the almighty dollar. They stuff their millionaires and starve their poets, because they have not the ability to understand their worth. You did well to come where you will be appreciated."

"I was appreciated in America," I replied.

"Appreciated!" he exclaimed. "There are not many people in that vast country who can understand a soul like yours."

"I love my country," I added.

"You love in vain," he replied, impatiently.

"I hope not," I rejoined.

"You hope in vain," he continued. "When I was able to live like a prince, when I was at

the head of the State, and all the world was bowing to me, the Americans were at my feet; but when I was in need, and sent De Place to New York to get subscriptions to my works, whereby I might be enabled to pay my debts, they turned their backs on me. I was induced to send De Place to America at my own expense by the advice and flatteries of Americans, and he returned without one subscription. They are deceitful, false."

"You have many friends in America," I said.

"I thought so, mademoiselle, but I was mistaken. I thought your great American publisher, Monsieur Appleton, my friend, but I erred. He is rich, powerful, and could have aided my plans."

"I am sure you, Monsieur Lamartine, that if Monsieur Appleton failed to carry out your wishes, it was not because he did not desire to do so. He is a high-minded and honorable gentleman, and feels an interest in genius beyond dollars and cents," I replied.

"*J'en doute*, the reed broke beneath me when I had most need of its support," he said sadly.

"If you would go to New York and give a course of lectures, you would make enough to pay your debts," I added.

"*Sans doute*, they would give their twenty-five sous to see me once, as they would give it to see a wild beast; then it would end. They would not come a second time. I'll not gratify their curiosity."

"You would like to meet our poets, I am sure," I continued.

"You have no poets? Soul cannot live and grow there; it starves!" he retorted.

"O, yes, we have poets," I went on. "We have Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Willis, Holmes, Morris, Sprague, etc."

"They might have been poets!—great ones, if they had had the proper nutriment. Come to see me every day; but don't bring an American gentleman with you; I will not receive him if you do," he said, as I rose to leave.

"You are prejudiced, Monsieur Lamartine," I rejoined.

"*Pas du tout*," he replied, "the Americans hate me because I am poor, and I return the compliment most cordially."

"You are frank," I added, as I left him at the door.

The gist of the melancholy Lamartine's grievance is set forth in these brief words: "I sent Dr. Place to America, and he returned without one subscription." The Almighty Dollar, *beggar!*

When Lamartine became conspicuous, politically, in the Revolution of 1848, he excited great enthusiasm in America, both on account of his cause, and of the grace and spirit with which he bore himself under circumstances well calculated to test his sincerity and manhood. He had been admired before as a most elegant writer and scholar, but when he figured in the new character of a revolutionary hero, he took all hearts by storm. He was an aristocratic democrat, a classical and genteel Garibaldi, and quite as much the lion of the hour as our rough and ready friend of the red shirt is now. People thought then that the millennium of European regeneration had arrived, just as they think now, and with more reason. Lamartine was the morning star of the millennium. But he glittered only for a moment in the sky. He proved a meteor and not a star, flashing for a moment on the edge of a thunder cloud, and then vanishing in deeper darkness than it had illumined. Lamartine had raised a storm which he knew not how to guide, which carried him before it and landed him high and dry upon the shore. It was then that the world discovered that the manliness of his character was not equal to his physical courage; that, like many of his countrymen, he was a lion in a charge, but a child in a retreat; that he could not stand the surest test of a great soul—misfortune. He has been whining and howling like a disconsolate and famished hound ever since 1848. He has been levying loans and benevolences from his literary subjects, begging, borrowing and squandering vast sums in the most royal recklessness, sending men to America to levy contributions, and even trying to pick a few coppers from the ragged pouches of the Haytian negroes on the ground that he was always a lover of their race. The regular sale of his splendid productions, without the aid of any unworthy appliances, would have made him immensely rich, and, in point of fact, he has de-

rived several fortunes from his works; but they were thrown away by his prodigal hand as fast as made. And as fast as they were thrown away, he begged and borrowed with a hundred lamentous pangs, and never did lamentous alone people who wouldn't give more readily than Lamartine all who said him nay. This is below the standard of Garibaldi, who, when unfortunate, came to America and sold soap and candles to get an honest living.

We are free to confess that, in all probability, Lamartine would have been forgotten even if he had behaved with the utmost resignation, but he has continued to be remembered, and that is his misfortune. Why don't he go to work like Mr. Walter Scott, who worked himself to death to get out of debt, whilst the height of Lamartine's ambition is to never obligate which he cannot pay? It is his begging and not his beggary which has brought him into contempt in America. He talks about American love for the almighty dollar. It is in a contemptible no subject, why he is so freer to obtain it, and in such a rage with everybody who don't "subscribe." Because we don't "stand and deliver" at the common of this literary highwayman, he is greatly disgusted with our devotion to filthy lucre!

A "Strange" Preacher.

His name was Strange. Many will think his conduct was strange also. He was a real one preacher, and a sweet singer. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to go about the country preaching and singing. A benevolent gentleman well off in worldly goods desiring to make him and his family comfortable in their declining years generously presented him a title-deed for three hundred and twenty acres of land. Strange accepted the donation with thankfulness, and went on his way, preaching and singing as he went. But after a few months he returned, and requested his generous friend to take the title deed. Surprised at the request the gentleman inquired—

"Is there a flaw in it?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is not the land good?"

"First rate."

"Isn't it healthy?"

"None more so."

"Why, then do you wish me to take it back?"

It will be a comfortable home for you when you grow old, and something for your wife and children if you should be taken away."

"Why, I'll tell you. Ever since, I've lost my enjoyment for singing. I can't sing my favorite hymn with a good conscience any longer."

"What is that?"

"This!"

No fact of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wandering man,
I dwell awhile in towns below,
Or slowly wander to and fro,
Till I my Giver see.

Your's my home and portion here,
My treasures and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

There," said Strange, "I'd rather sing that hymn than own America. I'll trust the Lord to take care of my wife and children."

He continued singing and preaching, and preaching and singing; and the Lord, and the lecturer, did take care of him and his children after him—*Merry's Magazine.*

THOMAS MOORE.

He was a very well-dressed, bright, sparkling-looking little man. It is a disconcerting phrase to apply to a sentimental poet, but I must say, in his general appearance, there was something that very nearly approximated to what is now denominated as "jolly." He had a dark and most expressive eye; hair of the same color, and in sufficient abundance; glossy, and nicely arranged; a broad, commanding forehead; a complexion fresh, clear and ruddy; small, but well-defined features; a mouth that seemed made alone for mirth and brimming smiles; an extraordinary play and expression of countenance, whose changeful variety yet ever betrayed the genius within; a quick, brisk, active gait; a merry, jocular laugh; and the generally diffused impression of a happy, easy, healthy man—one contrasted quite with the lot he had in life, and in perfect amity and peace with those about him. Such was the aspect Moore presented when I first saw him.—*From Traits of Character.*